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Rives, where, surrounded by his estimable relatives, he gradually sank, and died on the 10th of April, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Few persons have contributed more to the literature of the period than Professor Tucker. He himself estimated the amount of his more fugitive productions,—about one-half of which were anonymous and gratuitous,—at ten thousand pages. His talents were at one period directed greatly towards the composition of works of fiction, and he occasionally wooed the muse. When at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, in his extensive journeyings in the summer before his death, he composed measured lines, upwards of one hundred in number, entitled “Life’s Latest Pleasures,” the manuscript of which he gave to the writer, before setting out on his last journey to the South, in which, to use his own language, he casts a look on the future,

“And midst old age’s cares and pains,  
Asks what enjoyment yet remains.”

His forte was not, however, the imaginative. It is as a successful and equitable writer on great questions of politics and political economy, and of intellectual philosophy, that he will take his place. His Biography of Jefferson, and his History of the United States may, indeed, be regarded less as narratives of occurrences than views of great national and political questions, as they from time to time arose, logically discussed, and conveyed in language which has usually the merit of great terseness and perspicuity.

During his residence in Philadelphia, Professor Tucker was a frequent attendant on the meetings of this Society, and at the time of his death was a member of the Board of Officers and Council.

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#### OBITUARY NOTICE OF DR. GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Dr. George W. Bethune was born in New York on the 18th of March, 1805. The name Bethune was originally French, and was that of the celebrated Duc de Sully. Some of Dr. Bethune’s ancestors must have migrated to Scotland, where the name was and is often pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, and from it were corrupted the names of the families of Beaton and Betton, who have the same heraldic bearings as Béthune, or Bethune’ as it was pronounced by the family of the subject of this notice.

Dr. Bethune’s parents were born in Scotland. His father, Mr. Divie Bethune, removed to New York in 1792, where he became a

successful merchant. His mother was the daughter of Isabella Graham, whose life was devoted to good works, and whose "Letters and Correspondence" were edited by her daughter. Both parents were celebrated in New York for their pious and charitable philanthropy.

After having passed three years in his preparatory education in Columbia College, in New York, the subject of this notice was sent to Dickinson College, at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania; and, after graduating there, entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In 1827 he was ordained to the ministry, and having, at an early age, married the excellent lady who survives him, he travelled for a time in the Southern States and in Cuba, officiating in Savannah; and, on his return, having joined the ministry of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, became, in 1828, the pastor of a prominent church at Rhinebeck, in New York, whence he was translated, two or three years afterwards, to Utica.

In all these places he was eminently successful in his holy calling; and soon gathered around him, to listen to his eloquent ministrations, and to enjoy his rare social and intellectual endowments, many of the wisest and the best.

He continued in Utica until the year 1834, when he was called to the pastoral charge of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia. At once his admirable qualifications for his elevated office were appreciated; and measures were speedily taken to extend his sphere of usefulness, by the establishment of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, of which he was chosen pastor in the autumn of 1837. He continued there, respected and beloved by his congregation, and by all with whom he was brought in contact, until the fall of 1849, when he resigned his charge and removed to Brooklyn, in order that his wife, who had been for years grievously afflicted, might be nearer to one from whose medical services she was led to anticipate relief, an anticipation which unhappily proved to be illusive.

It was during his residence in Philadelphia that Dr. Bethune's reputation as a profound theologian, a faithful and devoted pastor, a learned and accomplished scholar, and an eloquent and gifted lecturer and author on various topics, became established. "Around him," as has been well remarked by his successor in the Philadelphia pastorate, the Rev. Dr. Taylor,\* "were soon gathered many of the *élite* of the city, distinguished laymen and professional gentlemen.

\* A Discourse on the Death of the late George W. Bethune, D.D., by William J. R. Taylor, D.D., &c., &c. Philadelphia, 1862.

Crowds of intelligent and admiring hearers thronged his services. Members of other denominations held pews or sittings in the church as well as in their own ecclesiastical houses. Strangers in the city in great numbers waited upon his ministry. He was known, admired, sought, welcomed, and honored among all denominations of Christians for his catholicity of principle, his faithful and eloquent preaching, and his services to every good cause in which Christians united, and to which he conscientiously trained his people. Few ministers have filled a wider sphere in the cause of general Christianity in our city, while none were more faithful to their own immediate theology and church."

Whilst his reputation was thus culminating in Philadelphia, he was energetically affording his powerful aid to every scheme for the promotion and diffusion of general literature and science, and for the good of his fellow-man. Early and prominent among these was the "Athenian Institute," the object of which was to establish a course of lectures, to be delivered gratuitously by literary gentlemen of Philadelphia, and which, for a time, was eminently successful. The first course was given in the winter of 1838, and the last in that of 1842. Large and intelligent audiences assembled together to listen to the diversified discourses, of which none were more popular than those of Dr. Bethune.

In the different reunions of the respectable members of the Board of Directors of the Institute, he was placed in intimate intercourse with the first literary and scientific gentlemen of the city, by whom his sterling qualities were at once appreciated, and his claims to be regarded as a true lover of wisdom cheerfully conceded.

It was not long before he was proposed as a member of this Society. He was elected in April, 1839, and, whilst he resided in Philadelphia, assisted, whenever he was able, in its proceedings.

After the meetings of the Society, a small band of five congenial spirits were in the habit of adjourning to each other's houses for the purpose of farther social communion; and for years these occasional unions of "*the five*" were maintained; until, indeed, the removal to other spheres of usefulness of two of its honored members, the lamented subject of this notice, and Professor A. D. Bache, and the subsequent death of two others, Dr. Robert M. Patterson and Judge Kane, left the writer solitary and alone, and dissolved one of the "most quiet, joyous, and instructive meetings," as it was happily designated by Judge Kane in his obituary notice of Dr. Robert M.

Patterson, read before this Society, that imagination could conceive or reality picture.

In these meetings none participated with more genuine and proper *abandon* than Dr. Bethune, and much of their geniality and instructiveness were ascribable to his beaming cordiality and richly stored intellect.

Amongst the earliest productions of his prolific pen, after his removal to Philadelphia, were those comprised in two volumes, which contain, in the language of one already cited, who well knew their value, "delightful, practical works, which will perpetuate his usefulness along with the best devotional writers of the century." "They exhibit," says Dr. Taylor, "to every reader some of the most remarkable traits of the public ministry of Dr. Bethune, embracing every variety of subject matter and style, from the most simple and severely Scriptural declarations of his 'Guide for the Inquiring,' through the gentle pages in which he deals with the bruised hearts of bereaved parents; and from the calm beauties and exquisite delineations of the 'Fruit of the Spirit,' up to the magnificent periods and resounding eloquence of his best pulpit efforts."

These volumes were respectively entitled: "The Fruit of the Spirit;" "The History of a Penitent, a Guide for the Inquiring;" and "Early Lost, Early Saved."

In the year 1846, Dr. Bethune published a volume of "Sermons," in accordance, as he remarks, with "the wishes of some friends," and "a selection made out of the discourses preached by him from his own pulpit, with some regard to variety, but principally to the practical character of their subjects." He modestly adds: "The prospect of their being widely read, when there are so many better books, is small; yet the attempt to serve the cause of our beloved Master is pleasant, and if He smiles upon it, it will be successful, not in the proportion of our talent but of His grace."

In 1847 he edited a new issue of a work of a very different character, which was undertaken as a pleasing relaxation from his severer studies, and executed at intervals, as he said, when others might have idled away their time. This was the "Complete Angler" of Isaac Walton, and the "Instructions" of Charles Cotton, with copious notes, for the most part original; a bibliographical preface, giving an account of fishing and fishing-books from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, and a notice of Cotton and his writings; to which he added "an appendix, including illustrative

ballads, music, papers on American fishing, and the most complete catalogue of books on angling, &c., ever printed."

For such an undertaking no one could have been better qualified and prepared. Fond of the sport to enthusiasm, perfectly acquainted with his authors, and possessed of an admirable piscatorial library, diligently accumulated at considerable expense, he brought to the subject an amount of familiar knowledge and opportunities for research possessed by few, if by any, in this country. The references, with rare exceptions, were verified by his own examination, whilst for the literary annotations he held himself alone responsible. Many of these, especially of a philological character, were the subjects of occasional playful but delightful and profitable correspondence between the writer of this notice and himself; and the whole work affords abundant evidence of rare learning and ample practical knowledge.

The annual return of the season of angling was ever looked forward to by him with joyous anticipations as a periodical relief from his constant and absorbing ecclesiastical studies and duties; and in the company of two or three kindred spirits and tried friends of himself and the rod, he hastened, at the proper season, to the rivers or lakes of this country or of Canada to enjoy his favorite pastime; and long will he be held in grateful remembrance by many of the rude children of the forest, who gathered together on the Sabbath to listen to his fervent and eloquent exhortations.

In an oration entitled, "A Plea for Study," delivered before the literary societies of Yale College, in 1845, he urges that, among outdoor recreations, none has been a greater favorite with studious men of Great Britain, because none is more suited to quiet habits, fondness for retirement, and love of nature, than angling,—not in the sea, but in brooks or rivers, where the genus *Salmo* abounds; and he cites from the catalogue of men illustrious in every department of knowledge, who have refreshed themselves for farther useful toil by this "gentle art,"—as its admirers delight to call it,—the name of Izaak Walton, "the pious biographer of pious men;" Dryden, Thomson, Wordsworth, among the poets; Paley, Wollaston, and Nowell, among the theologians; Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling;" Professor Wilson, the poet, scholar, and essayist; Sir Humphry Davy, the chemist, and author of "Salmonia;" Emerson, the geometrician; Rennie, the zoologist; and Chantry, the sculptor, to prove that the taste is not inconsistent with religion, genius, industry, or usefulness to mankind.

Dr. Bethune's fondness for the sport continued unabated to the last, and even when harassed during the summer of 1861, by the consequences of an attack of the malady, which ultimately proved fatal to him, he sighed for a brief return of his wonted enjoyment.

An excellent photograph was taken of him a few years ago, at the request of a small association of gentlemen in Brooklyn, in which he is represented in his habiliments of study, with his books of reference—as was his habit—distributed over the floor of his library, and the implements of his favorite sport hung around on the walls.

With a mind so eminently æsthetical, so appreciative of the sublime and the beautiful, it is not to be wondered at that Dr. Bethune should have wandered into the realms of poetry, and enriched its domain by many choice flowers.

From an early period he had given evidences of poetic taste, and in the year 1848 had incorporated many of his effusions into an elegant volume, entitled, "Lays of Love and Faith, with other Fugitive Poems." His object in publishing these is thus stated by him in a dedicatory sonnet.

"As one arranges in a simple vase  
A little store of unpretending flowers,  
So gathered I some records of past hours,  
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace;  
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace  
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers,  
But dear memorials of my happy days,  
When heaven shed blessings on my heart like showers,  
Clothing with beauty e'en the desert place;  
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,  
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,  
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,  
The charm of art, the rapture music sends,  
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends."

Many of these lays were tributes of affection to those most dear to their author; whilst others were devotional, epigrammatic, patriotic, or miscellaneous; and all exhibit a rich and vivid imagination, much delicacy of sentiment and expression, and melody of versification.

In the same year he edited "The British Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices." The specimens which he gives are well chosen, the biographical sketches ably written, and the characteristics of each writer skilfully discriminated.

Dr. Bethune's musical appreciation, too, was considerable; and

there were few ministers who paid so much attention to the important subject of church music.

During his residence in Philadelphia, he delivered various orations and occasional discourses, many of which were collected together in one volume, and published in New York in the year 1850. These were, "Genius," delivered before the Literary Societies of Union College, Schenectady; "True Glory," a sermon on the death of Stephen Van Rensselaer; "Leisure: its Uses and Abuses," before the New York Mercantile Library Association; "The Age of Pericles," before the Athenian Institute, of Philadelphia; Oration before the Literary Societies of the University of Pennsylvania; "The Prospects of Art in the United States," before the Artists' Fund, of Philadelphia; "Discourse on the Death of William H. Harrison, President of the United States;" "The Eloquence of the Pulpit," before the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Andover Theological Seminary; "The Duties of Educated Men," before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College; "The Duty of a Patriot; with allusions to the Life and Death of Andrew Jackson;" "A Plea for Study," before the Literary Societies of Yale College; and "The Claims of our Country upon the Literary Men," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University.

But satisfactory in all respects as were the various emanations from his polished pen, they were, perhaps, on the whole, less effective than his extemporaneous speeches, whether casual or prepared.

Always on such occasions self-possessed, his well-poised and forcibly expressed sentiments gushed forth in exuberance, with a frankness and fearlessness, and with a suitableness of action that told on his auditors, whether the topic concerned the sufferer from religious or political tyranny, the claims of African colonization, of which he was an ardent and staunch supporter, the promotion of charitable and literary associations and undertakings of all kinds, or the extension of discovery into remote and unexplored regions.

With so many claims to honorable distinction, it is not surprising that numerous philanthropic and literary associations should have hastened to enrol him amongst their members.

In the year 1849, for reasons before mentioned, Dr. Bethune removed to Brooklyn, and a short time afterwards was appointed pastor to the Middle Dutch Church there, which was soon merged in a fresh organization styled the "Church on the Heights." A new edifice was built for him, and a parsonage, both admirably arranged under his tasteful suggestions and immediate supervision, and in



such a manner that, by means of a simple acoustic arrangement, Mrs. Bethune, on her invalid couch, could hear the services of the church.

For ten years he continued his ministrations there to a large and increasing congregation, and during this time received the appointment to the Chancellorship of the University of New York, which he declined, unwilling to separate himself from the active exercise of his pastoral office. For a like reason he declined the Chaplaincy of the Military Academy at West Point; but did, for a short time, execute the duties of a Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, which he visited weekly, until, indeed, his failing health compelled him to resign this along with his other elevated offices.

In his new sphere of action he was repeatedly called upon, as he had been in Philadelphia, to deliver discourses before learned bodies or popular assemblages; and he has doubtless left behind him many productions of his accomplished mind, which are worthy of being put into a permanent form. At one time, indeed, and not long before the first attack of the malady which arrested his expanded and expanding usefulness, he accepted so many invitations, and often in parts of the country so distant from each other, that the writer recommended to him a wise caution, and discouraged him from so much mental and physical labor as he was then incurring. An extract from a letter dated Brooklyn, in 1854, shows how largely his mind was then engrossed with this matter :

“The lectures which I have ready are what are called *popular*, that is, separate lectures on miscellaneous topics, for all the world like our quondam Athenian Institute lectures. Thus, I have one ‘On Lectures and Lecturers’ (an introductory), considering popular lectures and lecturers in an amusing, but, I hope, not unserviceable light. Another on ‘Common Sense,’ which, by the way, is long enough for two, a mixture of metaphysics and familiar illustration. A third on ‘Work and Labor; the moral uses of the distinction between them,’—the best of my lectures. Another on ‘The Orator of the Present Day,’ originally a Phi Beta Kappa oration for Brown University, inquiring into the secrets of the orator’s power, &c. Another on ‘Oracles;’ and another blocked, but not written, on ‘Divination,’ in both of which I strike at the spiritualisms (so called) of the present day, while I give illustrations of the subject itself. I shall try to write another during the winter, but am not sure what

on. Such are the lectures I have read, one or more in a season, here, in New York, New Haven, &c., &c."

Early in 1859 Dr. Bethune experienced the first serious attack of the disease which, in the end, was fatal to him. He was seized in the night with apoplectic stupor, from which he did not recover until the afternoon, when he awoke to full consciousness, his first playful question, on witnessing a regular and a homœopathic practitioner in the room, being, "Whether the north and the south pole had come together?" Luckily, there was no resulting paralysis. Still, his apprehensions of a recurrence, the danger of which was not concealed from him, whilst appropriate preventive measures were inculcated, induced him to abandon all his important and engrossing occupations, and to seek change and repose in a clime which had ever been his favorite, enriched as it is by those classic archaical associations, in which his cultivated mind, from his earliest manhood, had delighted to revel. Early in March he sailed with Mrs. Bethune in a bark for Naples, where, after a tedious but ordinary voyage, they arrived in safety and improved health. He did not succeed, however, in obtaining that quiet which he sought for. The perpetual political agitations in that city, and elsewhere in Italy, were, indeed, the source of much anxiety to him and to others, and tended to neutralize the good effects which might otherwise have accrued to him.

He returned to New York in the month of September, when his report to the writer was, that they had had a pleasant voyage over, and it had done them both much good; that he found no inconvenience except an undue excitability of nerves, which fault was becoming less and less. His attention had been directed to a church at Newburg, on the Hudson, and he had, moreover, immediately on his return, encouraging offers in New York, but had some desire to winter at the South.

During Dr. Bethune's absence in Europe, the office of Provost of the University of Pennsylvania had become vacant; and as he had resigned his pastoral office in Brooklyn, and was regarded by prominent members of the Board of Trustees as signally qualified for the office, he was written to on the subject by the writer of this notice; but before the letter reached Liverpool he had set sail for the United States. The writer hastened to New York to confer with Dr. Bethune on his arrival; and on his return wrote to the gentlemen who had nominated him to the Board of Trustees, expressing, in the

name of Dr. Bethune, the high sentiments he entertained towards the Board; his opinion of the great importance of the office, and his gratitude to Divine Providence that he should have been deemed fit for such a distinction; that had the appointment been given him immediately on his return to this country, he would have been strongly moved to accept it with pleasure, especially as it would have enabled him to resume his residence in Philadelphia, where he had spent fifteen of his happiest years, and where he had many friends very dear to his heart. But it could not be. His conscientious reluctance to leave the pulpit as his sphere of usefulness, had been increased by a call to a church in his native city, offering him strong inducements of every kind to accept it, and he had done so.

The self-denying liberality which had been extended to him by the excellent pastor of a church in New York, the Rev. Dr. Abraham Van Nest, Jr., and by a number of enlightened persons of different denominations there, could not well be resisted, and he wisely determined to remain in that ministry of which he was so distinguished an ornament. His nomination was consequently withdrawn.

For ten years, from September, 1839, to October, 1849, whilst a resident of Philadelphia, he had been an active member of the Board of Trustees of the University; and, in 1838, had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity—*causâ honoris*—at their hands.

During the year 1860, Dr. Bethune pursued tranquilly his dignified calling in association with his disinterested colleague, making no allusion, in his letters to the writer, to his former attack; observing, as he ever strove to do, the golden rule of moderation in all things; and hence avoiding, so far as he was able, all undue mental and physical excitement. In the November of that year he wrote:

“I am, thank God, very well. After my summer labors, kept up through August, I took one of my accustomed woodland jaunts, in consequence of which I flourished and flourish exceedingly. Mrs. Bethune, I feared, would not do well this coming winter, after the confinement and anxieties of her summer in town, and we projected a winter in the Bahamas; but she is now so much better that she does not wish to go. We are, in fact, through God’s blessing, very prosperous, and I trust very thankful, which is the best happiness in this life. My ecclesiastical affairs go well. My admirable colleague is all I could wish, and more than I deserve.” “We are about purchasing some acres on the Hudson, about a hundred and twenty miles from town, to make a nest for our old years. We are

not ambitious, but think that we shall be pecuniarily able to build a cottage large enough for us and the few dear friends who may visit us there. I propose to occupy myself this winter with writing a memoir of my mother, having just closed my care of her estate. Thus much for my egotism."

During this year he visited more than once his friends in Philadelphia, who rejoiced to observe the absence of all evidences of his former alarming seizure. He had the same characteristic geniality, the same social charms and intellectual radiance, but the expert and anxious observer was pained to notice a greater degree, perhaps, of nervous impressibility, and at times undue somnolency.

Sensible, however, as he was of the absolute necessity of avoiding all undue mental excitement, on the outbreak of the patriotic fervor which followed the fall of Sumter, he found it impossible to remain quiet; and although he had taken no part in the formation of the great meeting which was held in New York in April following, he was recognized in the street, pressed into service, and addressed the assembled multitude several times, and it is said "with tremendous energy and fire." He was a genuine, unalloyed patriot, the eloquent upholder of his country both at home and abroad. One of the most beautiful of the "songs" in his "Lays of Love and Faith," was composed years ago at midnight in an English mail coach.

"My country, oh ! my country,  
My heart still sighs for thee ;  
And many are the longing thoughts  
I send across the sea.  
My weary feet have wandered far,  
And far they yet must roam ;  
But oh ! whatever land I tread,  
My heart is with my home.

"The fields of merry England  
Are spreading round me wide,  
The verdant vale and castled steep  
In all their ancient pride ;  
But give to me my own wild land,  
Beyond the salt sea's foam,  
For there, amid her forests free,  
My spirit is at home.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There's no home like my own home  
Across the dark blue sea ;  
The land of beauty and of worth,  
The bright land of the free ;

Where royal foot hath never trod,  
Nor bigot forged a chain ;  
Oh ! would that I were safely back  
In that bright land again."

His national hymn, "God for our Native Land," the words and melody of which were composed by him in the last summer of his existence, breathes the same elevated patriotism, and has been widely disseminated in the hymn-books of the soldier.

It was with real apprehension that the writer heard of his friend's imprudent participation in the prevalent excitement; and it was not long before his sad forebodings became painfully realized. In one month afterwards (May 20th), he wrote to say that he had observed a sleepiness in his left hand and arm, and after a little while something of the kind in the leg of the same side, from the knee downwards, but much less than in the arm; and that he had called in his friend Dr. Hosack, of New York, under whose treatment he had improved, but was still not as well as he could wish. "My arm," he says, "is pretty much the same, though far from being useless. There seems to me, however, a slight paralysis. My head is clear, and I have no pain;" and he adds: "I have, of course, felt the excitement of these war times, and perhaps done more than I should."

He now moved up the Hudson to Catskill, where he had taken for the summer a most comfortable villa, beautifully situated on that charmingly romantic river, and immediately opposite the locality on which he had determined to build, and to pass the remainder of his days in blest retirement. His attention had become so alive to every morbid feeling and phenomenon, and his anxiety to understand his actual condition so great, that the writer hastened to visit him at Catskill. He had abandoned for the time all thoughts of building, and had been recommended to go abroad in the autumn for a more equable climate during the winter. The probable pathological condition of his brain, and the danger of its aggravation, were not concealed from him, but he was cautioned against the evils of brooding over it; and whilst temporary change of air, society, and scenery, were recommended, the writer did not withhold from him and his excellent wife his reluctance that so brilliant an intellect should be permitted to rust out; that he would rather see him continue "in harness," adding, that, whilst emotion of every kind ought to be avoided, no harm could be anticipated from the tranquil and normal exercise of the great organ of intellection.

A portion of the summer he spent at Long Branch, where he

found, to use his own language, "pleasant air, pleasant people, and not unpleasant quarters." He described himself as, on the whole, better, but still "had no courage for work, and was much worried over the troubles of the country." "I feel strongly inclined," he says, "to escape for a while to some distant spot, where I can live cheaply, in a milder climate. You say that I must avoid excitement. I cannot preach without emotions, and those of the strongest, often the most agitating, kind."

A few weeks afterwards he announced that Mrs. Bethune and himself had made up their minds to go abroad again; that her own comfort required a milder climate than he could give her in the United States; and that, among other reasons, he found the endeavor to avoid emotion in the pulpit killed his manner, and unfitted him for the control which his constitutional energy had hitherto given him over an audience.

Towards the end of September, he paid the writer a brief visit, to take leave of him and other friends in Philadelphia; and although there were few signs of impaired physical powers, and none of mental decadency, the writer could not help dreading a recurrence of his most dangerous malady, and fearing that they might never meet again.

Early in October Dr. Bethune sailed, for the last time, from his native city. The voyage, which was in a screw steamer, was safe and quick, but not very comfortable, owing to the rolling of the vessel, which, he said, shook them more than any paddle-wheel boat he had ever tried. The writer was pleased, however, to learn from him when within a few hours from Queenstown, Ireland, that he was, to all seeming, perfectly well, with not a trace of paralytic influence, and all his corporeal functions going on right. "I only fear," he adds, "being *too* well, but try to take care of myself. We have on board besides the ship's surgeon—an intellectual Scotchman, a Dr. Black—Dr. Haslett of the United States Navy, a personal friend of mine, so that I shall not want for doctors."

It had been Dr. Bethune's intention to visit the Channel Islands, and thence to pass to Pau or to Bagnères de Bigorre to spend the autumn, to linger some little time among the Pyrenees, and then to proceed to Florence to winter; and his plans were carried out with but little variation, except as to time. He spent nearly three weeks very agreeably in Guernsey, which he found to be an economical place, and with a good climate. "It would serve," he says, "as a capital place of retirement for a party of people sufficiently large to

make a little society of their own,—the better sort being not a little reserved to strangers.” He wrote thus from Tours, in France, which he did not reach until near the end of November, and left immediately for Bagnères, where he arrived after a journey of much fatigue, particularly to Mrs. Bethune. Here he tarried for upwards of two months, pleased with the climate generally, and with the agreeable society he met with.

His health was good during the early portion of his sojourn at Bagnères; but, subsequently, damp, chilly weather deprived him of his usual walks, whilst the rumors of war with England, and some other troubles, disturbed him not a little. He afterwards suffered so much from neuralgic headaches, which had previously annoyed him, as well as from boils, and from threatenings of his more serious malady, that he deemed it wise to consult an old practitioner of the place, under whose treatment he improved.

“I do not see,” he says, “in what to blame myself for having caused this attack. I have lived very moderately, and taken a good deal of exercise, on foot and in the saddle. I had also been much relieved of my anxiety by recent letters.”

His last letter to the writer was from Florence, and was dated April 18th, only a short time before his decease. Its tone was cheerful, and even sportive. He spoke of his boils as having become “beautifully less,” until they had disappeared altogether, for which he felt rather sorry, as he thought “they might serve to draw off attention from his head;” that he had not had any ill turn since his previous letter, and had been very comfortable in most respects.

The long land journey from Bagnères to Florence, beautiful and picturesque as it is, was exceedingly trying, to Mrs. Bethune more especially. The voyage by steamer she had to forego, in consequence of the difficulty of getting on board. The journey occupied about a month, and they did not reach their destination until the 15th of March. Here he designed to rest for a couple of months, and then proceed for the summer to the Baths of Lucca, which have the reputation of being in the coolest quarter of Tuscany. Of the climate and society of Florence he remarks: “As for the climate, what can you say of any climate in April? When the sun shines, it is delicious; when it rains, or there is snow on the Apennines, it is trying to the nerves. However, I have liked it on the whole. Madame does not, although I hope the summer will make it more pleasing in her eyes. Though the prices of things have increased, the charms of Florence have not been diminished. The same treasures of art,

the same loveliness of surrounding scenery and geniality of climate attract the voyager from all parts of the world, giving the resident from abroad an excellent society of whatever character he prefers; so that I know no place more eligible for a sojourn or a more protracted stay. There are, just now, so many pleasant American people here, that, with the addition of a few Scotch and English, my visiting list is a little too large for convenience. We have, also, valuable and extensive libraries and collections; but, having been hunting for apartments nearly all the while, I have little time for study. I was very tranquil (so far as news about our country throughout the Trent excitement would allow me to be) at Bagnères. I am more interested and amused here. I brooded too much at Bagnères. I am more active at Florence." He adds that he had not experienced any disagreeable symptoms of late, but could not entirely suppress the apprehensiveness so natural to one in his physical condition.

Nine days after penning those lines he was no more. He died, at the mature age of fifty-seven, in the place which, in the language of his estimable wife, "he thought the most beautiful on God's earth." On the last evening of his life, while watching the setting sun from the window of her chamber, he said: "Oh, Mary, how I wish you loved Florence as I do. It is beautiful to live in, and pleasant to die in." To which she replied: "I do love Florence, and hope God will spare us many years to love and serve Him here."

It was much against her will that he preached on the following morning; for she had noticed a restlessness in his eye and manner which, ever watchful and apprehensive as she was, she did not like; and was much relieved when, after the service, she heard his cheerful voice in the adjoining apartment. He begged of her not to scold him for having been preaching extemporaneously. She looked up sorrowfully, and said: "How could you? You must be tired." He answered, "A little," and added: "I will bring Dr. Haslett to you when I have done with him."

From a letter with which the writer was favored by Dr. Haslett it appears, that no sooner were the services of the church ended than Dr. Bethune turned to him and said, in a somewhat anxious manner, "I wish to speak with you." Dr. Haslett accompanied him home, but could not detect any symptoms of cerebral affection, other than the anxious manner, which might, he thought, be attributed to his ever present dread of its recurrence. It was not long, however, before too manifest indications of fully formed apoplexy supervened;



and near midnight, "in an effort to change him to a more comfortable position," says Dr. Haslett, "his head dropped, one spasmodic struggle, and all was over."

Such is an inadequate notice of an accomplished member, whose loss this Society, in company with the world of letters, deplores, and whose merits it has determined to hold in *memoriâ*.

*Intus et in cute* the writer knew him, ardently did he admire him, and most cordially can he adopt the sentiments, so well and so concisely expressed in a touching and eloquent "Tribute" to his memory, by a friend and colleague in the pastorate, the Rev. Alexander R. Thompson,\* of New York, who equally knew and revered him.

"God does not often suffer us to look on such a man, in whom centre at once such qualities of heart and head, and in such exquisite balance. Born in the faith of Jesus, of pious ancestors; nurtured in the truth and love of the Gospel; early consecrated; early called to the service of the sanctuary; with the clear head of a logician; thoroughly skilled in the dialectics of the schools; enjoying every advantage of culture; with an exquisite taste, and a keen eye for the beautiful; with wit that could strike like chain-lightning, or that could sparkle like a star; admiring scholar of the great and good of all time; adept in the languages of the ancients and of the moderns; drawing to himself the friendship of men of eminence and worth, and recognized by them as among his peers; a poet born; a giant in forensic effort; a Christian gentleman; a man in energy and power, with the love of a woman, with the heart of a child; consecrating everything that God had given him to the Savior of his love; an incomparable preacher, who could play on the heartstrings of little children; generous and genial; a lover of nature; true to the interests of the church at whose altars he ministered, but a lover of good men of every name; with whom patriotism was a passion, and whose love for the land of his birth was rooted in his very life; who, for nearly forty years, preached, not himself but Christ Jesus the Lord, with eloquence and power and characteristic success. We may thank God that he ever gave us such a man. His life is his testimony."

The remains of Dr. Bethune, in accordance with one of his last requests, were brought to New York; and, on the 3d of September, were buried with unusual honors in the cemetery of Greenwood, by the side of the mother whom he loved so well.

\* A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D., &c., &c. New York, 1862.